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Jenny Lind, you know at once the tone and temper of the man."

We conclude our studies among the newspaper leaves this month with the following poem, taken from the same paper :

TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

BURLY, dozing, Humble Bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the South wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sods to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence doth displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers,
Of gifts of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue,
And briar-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,—
All was picture as he past.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Slipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep,—
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

ARCHITECTURE.—The Gentleman's Mag. for July, has a review of *Fergusson's Handbook of Architecture*. We quote from that book some remarks as regards a new style of architecture.

"Can we ever again have a new and original

style of architecture? Can any one invent a new style? Reasoning from experience alone, it is easy to answer these questions. No individual has, as far as we know, ever invented a new style in any part of the world. No one can even be named, who, during the prevalence of a true style of art materially advanced its progress, or by his individual exertion did much to help it forward; and we may safely answer, that as this has never happened before, it is hardly probable that it will ever occur now.

In the confusion of ideas and of styles, which now prevails, it is satisfactory to be able to contemplate in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, at least, one great building carried out wholly in the principles of Gothic or any true style of art. No material is used in it which is not the best for its purpose,—no constructive expedient employed which was not absolutely essential, and it depends wholly for its effect on the arrangements of its parts and the display of its construction. Here, as in a cathedral, every man was set to work in that department which it was supposed he was best qualified to superintend. There was room for every art and for every intellect, and clashing and interference were impossible."

LANDSEER.—(*Fraser's Magazine*, July 26).—Charles Boner, in a communication on Landseer "*as a Naturalist and Landscape-painter*," in the July Number of *Fraser*, charges that artist with departing from nature in giving such long tails to the red deer. This is one of his whims, says the reviewer, not detracting, however, from his standing as a Poet-painter. For instance, there is beautiful truth in "The Deer Pass;" but the stag ought not to have a tail like those of the fat-tailed sheep in the *Jardin des Plantes*. He thinks it is almost Landseer's only fault to give a switchable tail to the red deer, which is seen to enormity in "The Challenge," the generic type being thus lost. The Scottish stag is the only animal that Landseer attempts to idealize, and he fails wholly as regards the tail, and is only pardoned for a poet's privilege of choosing rare instances as regards the antlers, almost to caricature. The reviewer shows the sympathy between Landseer and Wordsworth in the idyls of paints and pen—the former always simple, perhaps in his favorite stag, where occasionally there is a show for effect. The reviewer also accords Landseer great praise as a landscapist, "one of our very first and best."

LIFE OF THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A.—By the late George William Fulcher. Edited by his Son. Lyman & Co. We extract a paragraph from one of G.'s letters, as regards roughness of the surface in painting, which he holds to be "of use in giving force to the effect at a proper distance, and what a judge of painting knows an original from a copy by; in short, being the touch of a pencil, which is harder to preserve than smoothness. I do not think it would be more ridiculous for a person to put his nose close to the canvas and say the colors smell offensive, than to say 'how rough the paint lies,' for one is just as material as the other with regard to hurting the effect and drawing of a picture. Sir Godfrey Kneller used to tell them that pictures were not made to smell of, and what made his pictures more valuable than others with the connoisseurs, was his pencil or

touch." The critic of the Athenæum for July 12, says:

"It would be difficult to name a modern English painter, who in the twofold exercise of his art, outdid Gainsborough. We have never seen one of his pictures—whether it be a prospect of a wagon ploughing its way down some green lane towards a shallow pool, lit by the evening glory bursting through the trees—whether it be full length portrait of peeress, or *prima donna*, in the modish costume of hoop, high head-dress, ruffles, ribbons, and mittens, worn in the middle of the last century,—without detecting in it a picturesque sumptuousness and decorative fancy, which distinguish their possessor from dreamers more chaste, and from recorders less enthusiastic, and more matter of fact."

ART AND LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STERNAU.

WHERE Art its little cottage builds,
There Love must also tarry,
And where the sun Art's temple gilds,
There Love his throne must carry.
'Tis Love alone, 'tis Love alone,
That e'er on Art below hath shone,
To give it light from heaven.

They move together, hand in hand,
Two stars of wondrous beauty,
And next his kindred orb to stand
Each feels his loving duty.
Attached in bonds that cannot die,
United to eternity
Are Art and Love forever.

And Art without Love's golden dream
Is like a starless heaven,
A fairy-land, to whose bright realm
No beauteous queen is given.
'Tis Love alone, yes, Love alone,
That e'er on Art below hath shone,
To give it light from heaven.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

J. C. D. F.

REST.

REST is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
After its life!

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best,
'Tis onwards unswerving,
And that is true rest.

GOETHE.

MEDIAEVAL GOTHIC.—"The Gothic mediæval periods were ages of imagination, when in art, works of amazing magnitude were produced, while the artists sent down no claims to posterity. We are nearly unacquainted with those great and original architects, who covered our land with palatial monastery, the church and the cathedral. In the religious societies themselves, the genius of the Gothic architect was found: the bishop or the abbot planned while they opened their treasury; and the sculptor and the workmen were the tenants of the religious house. The devotion of labor and faith raised these wonders, while it placed them beyond the unvalued glory which the world can give."—*D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature*.